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Providence Independent

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"Rejected."

Her little face is white with woe,
Her downcast eyes are wet;
She had not meant to grieve him so,
At least—at least—not yet;
It was so pleasant to be wooed,
So hateful to be won—
Ah! why should many a merry mood
End in so drear a one?
She draws the curtain back, and peers
Into the world beyond;
The garden gleams in flowery tiers,
The fish leap in the pond;
Behind there is a misty hill—
How gray it all has grown!
Perhaps it was her father's will,
Perhaps it is her own.
He turns aside, he pleads no more,
But goes with drooping head;
A man is often wounded sore,
Who dons a coat of red.
And so he sadly rides away,
Slowly o'er hill and plain;
But, let us hope, some other day
He will ride back again!

A WILD ADVENTURE.

Sam Tully and Caleb White were trapping in the Snake river region. They were men of desperate courage, who had taken their lives in their hands too often to care for the dangers of the life they led. Caleb—or Cale—White was a man who stood six feet two in his moccasins; a man whom you would hardly care to meet in the close tug of a desperate battle. His hard brown face was seamed with scars from bullet, knife and claws of wild beasts; and his muscular body showed the marks of many a desperate struggle.

Sam Tully was the beau ideal of a mountaineer. Although not so powerful as Caleb, he was a man of great personal strength and desperate courage. For many a year these two had roamed the trapping grounds together, fighting Indians, grizzlies and wolves; chased by night over the burning prairie; defending their camp against the sudden attack of red fiends, or spending recklessly, at the stations, the money which they had earned so hardly on the trapping ground.

They had been out all winter, and as spring approached the last cache was covered, and the trappers began to think of returning home. The camp was built up near the river, a tributary of the Snake, which flowed through dismal canyons, in which the light of day never shone; under the shadow of giant cliffs upon which human beings never yet set foot, and only spreading out at places where the cunning beaver had built his dam. The river was broken by great rapids and abounded in rare fish, upon which they had feasted royally for many days.

There was not a particle of ice in the channel now, for the rushing torrent had swept it down to the great river. They had a canoe, and had been discussing the chances of going down the stream in that, in order to save time. "I'm ready to take the chances, if you are, Cale."

"I don't like to give myself away," said Caleb White. "What do we know about the river, after we get down to the big canyon, and who ever passed through it?"

"That's the fun of the thing, Cale; we do what no one else ever dared to do."

"I don't like it," replied White, who was by far the most prudent of the two. "I—hal! what is that?"

They seized their weapons and ran to the door of the hut, just in time to see a dozen Indians running down through the grass, blocking up the only way of escape. The moment the repeating rifles began to play upon them they went out of sight among the rocks and begun their gradual approach, which could only end in one way—the white trappers would be overwhelmed.

"There is only one chance, Cale," cried Sam Tully.

"And that?"

"The canoe,"

"I'm your man," cried the giant trapper. "You push the canoe into the water, and throw in the weapons, while I keep these fellows in play. Ah! would you? Take that!"

An Indian had raised his tufted head, to get a better shot at the trappers, but before he could get back the unflinching eyes of the trapper had looked through the double sights and the rifle cracked. The Indian sprang suddenly to his feet, spun sharp round upon his heel, and fell dead in his tracks.

The next moment the canoe shot out from the bank, and headed down through the boiling flood, plunging in the canyon below so rapidly that the Indians had scarcely time to recover from their amazement at the sudden exodus before they were out of sight. One of the Indians bounded to his feet, and uttered a low signal whoop, and two large canoes, containing in all about fifteen men, rounded a point in the river above, and came flying down under the strokes of the paddles.

The Indians on the shore simply pointed down the stream, and the canoes dashed by at a furious speed, the wild yell of the paddlers announcing to the white men that they were pursued.

The first rapid passed, they entered a long stretch of water, where the current was only four or five miles an hour; and here the propelling force in the other canoes began to tell, and they gained rapidly.

On each side of the canoes the canyon rose like a wall, two hundred feet in height, and they could only put all their strength in the paddles and dash on as

fast as they could. Two miles further, and the canoes were scarcely a hundred yards behind, the Indians yelling like demons, as they saw the foe almost in their grasp.

Cale White shook his head, as he looked over his shoulder, when his canoe was suddenly seized by a mighty force and hurled downward, like a bullet from a rifle. They had struck another rapid, more powerful than the first, and the rocks absolutely seemed to fly past them.

"This is something like it," cried the daring Sam Tully. "How we do move?"

"I should say that we did, old boy," replied Cale. "I am only afraid that we are moving a trifle too fast."

"Don't you believe it. Those fellows seem to be standing still."

"They will get it in a moment. Look at that."

The headmost canoe appeared upon the crest of the rapid, and came flying down after them at furious speed. The Indians no longer used their paddles, with the exception of the man who sat in the stern, and by a touch on the water, now on this side then on the other, regulated the course of the canoe.

The second canoe followed in a moment, a little further in shore.

As they gazed, the bow of the last canoe was suddenly lifted into the air, as it struck a brown rock in the channel, which the occupants had tried in vain to avoid. The fierce current caught the stern, and in an instant there was nothing left of the light craft save broken fragments, while the occupants, with loud shrieks of terror, were borne swiftly on by the resistless tide.

"That ends them," said Cale White.

"Be careful, Sam; for your life."

On, on, borne by the power which they could not resist, the two canoes were hurried. There was a sense of wild exultation in the hearts of the white men, for they could see that their enemies would have gladly escaped, if they could, from the perils which surrounded them. Their mad desire for scalps and plunder had led them into a trap, and they no longer thought of the canoe before them. They knew, as the whites did not, the terrible danger before them; for they had explored the banks of the stream on foot many times. The river suddenly narrowed, and they rushed into a canyon barely twenty feet wide, nearly roofed over by the cliff upon each side. The current was not quite so rapid here, and they guided the canoe more easily.

"This gets interesting, Cale," said Sam Tully, as they went on through the narrow pass. "We are going."

"To our death!" replied Cale White, in a solemn voice. "Do you hear the falls?"

Through the splash of water and the dip of the paddles they heard a low, dead, tremulous roar, which was the sound of falling water. For a moment the bronzed face of Sam Tully blanched, and then he drew his figure up proudly.

"Better than the scalping knife or the stake, old friend. As the Frenchman says: 'Vive la mort!'"

Long live death! It was before them, for, as they shot out of the narrow pass, they saw the fall before them, how high they could not tell; but the smoke which arose showed that it was not a small one.

"Keep her head to it," cried Cale. "If we don't get through it, good-bye forever."

The swift current caught them, and the canoe, hurled forward with terrible force, went flying toward the verge. A moment more and it shot out into the mist, and went down into the unknown depths. Each man clung to his paddle, as he went down, held by an invisible power, whirled to and fro, as in a maelstrom, and then shot up into the light, below the falls.

Far below them the canoe floated, and as the rapid current swept them down, the two men looked back, in time to see the other canoe come over the fall, sideways, without an occupant. It was hurled far out, and fell lightly on the water, only to be arrested by the strong hand of Cale White.

The Indians, appalled by their danger, had upset the canoe in their frantic efforts to escape. What became of the trappers never knew, for when they reached the foot of the rapid, far below the falls, and righted the canoe, they made no pause, but hurried down the stream, and before night were safely floating in the waters of Snake river. Two days later they reached a fort in safety.

A Heartrending Disclosure.

Very recently, a gentleman giving a dinner party was persuaded, much against his wishes, to allow his young hopeful, a spoiled child, to join the company.

Thinking that many of the rich dishes were not good for the boy, he objected to his partaking of them, but eventually gave way on the child threatening: "If I am not allowed to have it, I'll tell!"

This went on for some time, until the father made a stand, refusing firmly to let the boy have any wine, adding: "And you may tell, if you like."

Amidst roars of laughter, the child at once called out with glee: "My new knickerbockers are made out of a pair of ma's old curtains!"

A Louisiana wife tried to poison herself because her husband, in a prayer meeting, had fervently said amen to the petition of a girl of whom she was jealous.

Respectable St. Louis lawyers have begun an effort to disbar the divorce operators.

The Opossum.

On the table before us, in a bottle, are some strange looking specimens that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would pronounce very young field mice. There are eleven specimens in all, and they could all be packed away in a receptacle the size of a walnut.

There are but two opinions as to their identity; mice first, then if the guesser is bold he will say young rats, only to take it back, adding that they are hardly large enough. The truth is that they are the young of the opossum, one of the strangest animals we have. The bulk of fifty such infants would not equal in size one newly born kitten or rabbit, yet the mothers are nearly equal in size.

When the young opossums are born they are about as large as a small cherry, and resemble for all the world a young terrier pup. They are as innocent of any covering but a pinkish white skin as the palm of an infant's hand.

The pouch in the mother's belly contains the foetus, and on them stick the young ones—like wax, would be the orthodox comparison, but really harder and closer than a pup to an old book. Care must be taken when they are loosened, or the head will divorce itself from the body and remain hanging to the maternal fount, so closely do they adhere.

How they get to the foetus is not known to us, and we doubt very much if there are many who have ever witnessed the *modus operandi* of the transfer. Being a nocturnal animal, and having passed into a proverb for shamming, we doubt very much if any one ever saw just how these poor little fellows, with their bulbous heads and pin tails, got hold of the foetus to hold on so bravely. It is probably the case that the mother places them there. When once fastened they have to do considerable tumbling before being able to shift for themselves.

Where the mother is traveling alone or lying down, her family must look out for themselves, and they are square on their feet only when she is lying on her back, from which we infer that they do not get many diversions of the kind. The only leading business of the first of their lives is to get a good hold and then hang on.

When they are large enough to let loose they are then on their own hook, which is, in their case, the tail. We have noticed an old one hanging by her forefeet from a limb on a summer's night, with a double handful of well grown opossums, with their tails twined around hers, while she was swaying to and fro, evidently giving the children a swing.

The opossum is omnivorous, and though having a decided preference for birds and their eggs, will take kindly to constructing a home inside a dead horse. In confinement it will eat anything, and would sooner be in the dark than not. Being a good digger, an expert climber, and skillful at playing possum when overtaken by an enemy, the question might arise as to why we are not overrun with them when they are so prolific?

The answer is, that the woods are full of them, and they are commoner than cats, but being of no value as an article of commerce, nocturnal, and not often eaten, we do not see much of them.—*Road and Gun.*

How to Treat Sunstroke.

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur in the second, third, or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, and abuse of stimulants predispose. It is much more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors and where there is artificial heat, see that the room is well ventilated.

If working in the sun wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat) and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have wherever possible an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, or be excused from work, especially after eleven o'clock in the morning on very hot days, especially if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place, apply cold cloths to head and cool water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body.

If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia (hartshorn) in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

A NICE PROSPECT.—Algy (a small boy)—"Oh, so you're going to marry Jack? I wouldn't, not if I knewed it, rather!" Betrothed one—"Why not, dear?" Algy—"Why, he's an awful bully! He twists me round by the neck and dusts my jacket, and he'll do the same by you. You see!"

A TEXAS WEDDING.

An Interesting Description of Life on the Frontier—Setting Out in Life by a Texan Couple.

A *Sun* correspondent, writing from Coleman county, Texas, fifty miles from Fort Worth, gives the details of a wedding in Texas. The bride was, as the correspondent was informed, "Old Jaquette's daughter. We call him 'Don' for short. The girl's name is Myreen. We call her 'Reenie,' and that chap that's goin' to git her is old Uvalde's son 'Mig,' 'the blood' that saved her from a pack of Mexican hounds up the valley of the Rio Pecos about six months ago."

Guests from far and wide arrived in wagons and on horseback. Backwoods maidens and stalwart cattle keepers in staid and gay colors, sunbonnets and buckskins, were chatting and gossiping under the trees, the same as church audiences in civilization. Everybody seemed to have clusters of flowers, and for a time those rough and sturdy men of the plains suffered their broad sombreros to be ornamented with wreaths and bows bound with gay handkerchiefs by fair and gentle hands.

The bride was dark as her father, and her eyes were moist with silvery tears, shadowed by heavy brows and lashes. Her raven black hair hung in curly ringlets down her back, and two white sprays of orange blossoms were worn among them. Her dress was of white satin, trimmed with gold, reaching just to her ankles; white satin boots covered her small feet, and a necklace of pearls encircled her white round neck. She stood about five feet eight inches in height, yet looked small by the side of the tall and well shaped man who was to be her husband. He was dressed in a buckskin suit, richly ornamented. The suit came from the Cherokee country. He had long, brown hair, sharp gray eyes, regular features, and was a handsome man, standing six feet three inches and weighing two hundred and eighty pounds.

The wedding ring was of heavy gold, and in return the bride presented her husband with a breastpin. When the benediction was pronounced the young Texan rangers crowded out the old people, and with their broad palms they shook the happy pair heartily by the hands.

"Make way," said the groom, "give the boys a chance. Every one of you come forward, right here, I want to see you all have a good time."

The brawny arms of the cattle drovers were extended in joyous congratulations, the music of the violin, banjo, and tambourine struck up, and in a few minutes the grove resembled a beautiful ballroom.

Among the company were four or five beautiful octoroons in red dresses, low-necked waists, red slippers, black hair with red roses as their only ornaments. They formed a set with as many wild looking cattle owners, and they danced a cotillion with the ease and grace of Mexican dancers. In another group were several guitar players, all women, who were singing and playing. A pretty young maiden and a lad were executing a double "Texan fling," an uncouth, fantastic turn and twist, that requires plenty of action and strength in the limbs. Bashful young men retired and indulged in a mustang race; others had a quoiting match, and still others threw knives, jumped, ran, elevated heavy weights, and the rest of the men stood and talked of the sports of the chase, politics, and the cattle trade. Refreshments followed in close order. Songs were sung, and the violin, guitar, accordion, tambourine, and flute sounded louder and louder.

The grove was the scene of joy and hilarity at noon when the horn was sounded and the announcement for dinner was made. The repast was plain but substantial. All there was to eat was piled upon the tables. Enough had been prepared to feed five hundred people. Two young oxen had been roasted, and vegetables had been provided in the same lavish manner.

While they were at dinner, opportunity was given to look at some of the presents. The groom had received a fine Mexican saddle, a pair of heavy pistols, a bride made of plaited hair, a beautiful silver mounted rifle, a plaited hair lasso, silver flask, long dagger, pair of high top boots of alligator leather, set of rifle accoutrements, silver tobacco box, silver plated spurs and many other articles that are used by drovers and hunters. Not a single article of jewelry was given to him. The only thing that approached household goods was a magnificent panther skin to be used as a robe. The bride received a magnificent little mustang of fine proportions, cream colored mane and tail and high bred; then she had a beautiful saddle and bridle; a cage of beautiful tropical birds; a fine St. Bernard dog; a pair of twin calves, as white and as beautiful as the driven snow; a pet fawn; a globe of beautiful gold fish, that were brought all the way from New Orleans by an agent of that city; together with a variety of bracelets, earrings, rings and two beautiful coral necklaces, studded with diamonds; a large gold cross, and a diamond studded watch and chain.

After dinner there was a wild time. Such examples of reckless riding had rarely if ever been seen in this section of Texas. The racing was exciting, yet fraught with danger. The maidens applauded and shouted at the tops of their voices, as the herdsmen dashed by on their fiery mustangs. Then there was more music and dancing, and thus the sport was continued until four o'clock, when they departed, after wishing the couple long life, happiness and prosperity.

When the parents of the bride were ready to depart, the groom mounted his horse, and the young wife vaulted in her own saddle by the aid of the strong arm of her husband, and the party rapidly galloped away to their home, where the young couple were to spend a week and then return, to commence life in earnest.

Dom Pedro's Father.

Apocryphal of Dom Pedro's visit to this country, an interesting story is told. It will be remembered that in 1822 the Brazilians rebelled against Portugal under the oppressive acts of the Cortes, proclaimed their independence, and conferred the imperial crown on Dom Pedro, the son of John VI. of Portugal, then regent during his father's absence. This was the father of the present Dom Pedro. He ruled till 1831, when forced to it by growing dissatisfaction, which culminated in a short but violent revolution, he abdicated in favor of his son. Popular feeling against him was bitter, and his personal safety was threatened so that he was forced to conceal himself.

It was at this juncture that a Stonington vessel put into Rio Janeiro with a cargo consigned to the British consul at that place. Her master was Capt. Thomas Dunbar, of Stonington, an old sailor, with the courage of a lion and the heart of a child. He lay in port some days, discharging and receiving cargo, and was at length ready to sail. The night before his departure the British consul sent for him to come to the consulate, and after a long preliminary conversation, told him that the emperor was in hiding in his house, and asked Capt. Dunbar to aid in his escape. This the latter at once consented to do. The question then arose how it should be effected. The wharves and water fronts were lined with police and soldiers, watching for the royal fugitive, and escape seemed impossible. A plan was finally agreed upon, and in the end proved successful.

The ship, which lay at one of the wharves, was got ready for sea the next morning, and was on the point of getting under way when the captain suddenly recollected that he had forgotten to take his ship board aboard. A messenger was accordingly dispatched, and in some way it was procured at the consulate. A wagon load of biscuit in barrels was sent down and rolled across the wharf and into the vessel's hold. In one of them was Pedro I. The ship got under way, and when safe from pursuit the cask was opened and he was liberated, nearly exhausted by his position.

The ship came to Stonington, where he landed unrecognized, and whence he left for Europe. He made Capt. Dunbar a present of \$200 for his service, which at the time was considered a munificent reward. Capt. Dunbar frequently related the story in later years, and in an exceedingly graphic manner. He lived to be over eighty, and died a few years ago at the residence of his son-in-law, Capt. Hall, near Westerly, R. I.

The Indian Question.

Referring to the war with the Sioux Indians, the New York *Herald* says: We shall have to fight out of this as best we can—as we have before—with triumph in the end, but with humiliation all the same, with a loss of money and, perhaps, of life. But now, when we are mourning the death of brave men, and what looks like a reverse to our arms, why can we not take up the Indian question again and solve it? Can we not deal justly with the Indian? Of course Sheridan will reinforce Crook and of course there will be another battle and a terrible punishment of the Indians. But is this all? Why not end the whole question now? Why not make one job of the Indian business? Why not march against the Indians with force enough to make every one a prisoner? Then why not give them some one place to inhabit and keep them within its limits? There are not as many Indians in the whole country as there are inhabitants in the lower wards of New York, and we certainly could handle them without this constant drain of blood and treasure. We might take Arizona or New Mexico, or we might purchase Lower California and have a territory under military rule where every Indian could live. It is inconsistent with our civilization and with common sense to allow the Indian to rove over a country as fine as that around the Black Hills, preventing its development in order that he may shoot game and scalp his neighbors. That can never be. This region must be taken from the Indian even as we took Pennsylvania and Illinois. But while we build empires on his plains we should not kill him, we should not rob him, we should not treat him as a panther or a grizzly bear. If the existing news from the Sioux region only awakens in us a sense of duty neglected, of opportunities wasted, of unnecessary losses in money and life, if it only compels us to do justice to the Indian, it will, in the end, be a blessing to him and an honor to ourselves.

A "Strike" Question.

A curious and novel point in law affecting trade unions has been raised in a Canadian court. A stonecutter at Montreal named Vain, who did not belong to the union, accepted work from a firm at rates less than the union exacted, whereupon the union, by threatening a strike, compelled his employers to discharge him. He now sues the union, a regularly incorporated body, for actual and prospective loss, fixing his damages at \$1,000, and will make a very hard fight for it. The Canadian law is very stringent on the subject of strikes and all the relations of labor.

Fashion Notes.

Hats for summer wear are large. Costumes still govern the feminine toilet.

All toilets are much trimmed with ribbon bows.

Satin finished ribbons are much used for dress trimmings.

The fashionable material, bastiste, comes in all shades.

Ribbons of silk canvas gauze are very fashionable for summer.

The Revolution hat has a high pointed crown and many feathers.

Foulard and Surah underlinen is largely patronized in Paris.

Dresses appear to be growing longer and longer and tighter and tighter.

A fashionable garniture for straw hats—cherries and strawberries with bronze foliage.

Black kid belts, with amoniere bags bearing the monogram of the bearer, are worn.

A novelty in grenadine dresses are the green ones, trimmed with gold or silver braid.

Brocade grenadine, trimmed with thread lace, is one of the favorite selections in grenadine dresses.

With the ultra-fashionables who are using red carriage parasols, scarfs are being substituted for other wraps.

White muslin dresses are seen without overskirts or polonaises, the skirts being covered with small flounces.

Dresses having the skirt flat, as required by fashion, but trimmed to simulate a panier, will be the great success of the season in Paris.

Fashionable modistes are attempting to again introduce tartans into favor. The black and white tartans, or shepherd's plaid, is most popular.

"Soie Centennial"—summer silks of the national colors sent over by the Lyons factories. The ground is ir.ry, with pencil stripes of blue and rose.

Bonnets are worn according to the fancy of each individual—over the face, back on the head, or in other of the different fashions of the past two or three years.

Bandoleers, the shoulder belt of the soldier, but for ladies' wear are made of steel beads and of silver mixed with silk embroidery; they can be added to any bodice.

A Yankee, describing an opponent whose person was extremely thin, says: "I will tell you what, sir—that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; cast him up, and there's nothing to carry."

Milliners are beginning to trim hats with rails; they twist them about the crown, fastening them at one side with a ribbon bow or wing, and leave a long end escape to draw over the face when desired.

Fashionable summer materials furnish, for early morning wear, fine woolen and all kindred stuffs; for day wear are taffetas, barege, China crepe, faille mixed with foulard, soft silk broche and Louisine; for country wear and excursions the two favorite fabrics are batiste and Madras, and for evening occasions gaze muslin, crepe lisse and light foulard.

To Restore Drowning Persons.

1. Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot.

2. Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils.

3. Hold the body, for a few seconds only, with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windpipe.

4. Loosen all tight articles of clothing about the neck and chest.

5. See that the tongue is pulled forward if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief it will not slip.

6. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly so, it must be stimulated by pressure of the chest with the hands, in imitation of the natural breathing; forcibly expelling the air from the lungs; and allowing it to re-enter and expand them by the elasticity of the ribs. Remember that this is the most important step of all.

7. To do it readily, lay the person on his back, with a cushion, pillow, or some firm substance under the shoulders; then press with the flat of the hands over the lower part of the breast bone and the upper part of the abdomen, keeping up a regular repetition and relaxation of pressure twenty or thirty times a minute. A pressure of thirty pounds may be applied with safety to a grown person.

8. Rub the limbs with the hands, or with dry cloths, constantly, to aid the circulation and keep the body warm.

9. As soon as the person can swallow give a tablespoonful of spirits in hot water, or some warm tea or coffee.

10. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. Success has rewarded the efforts of hours.

THE INSANE.—There are 900 lunatics in the three State lunatic hospitals of New York. On the average, each lunatic costs over \$6 a week. In the three similar institutions of Massachusetts, each lunatic costs less than \$4 a week. Dr. Earle, of the Northampton (Mass.) hospital, says that not more than forty per cent. of the insane recover permanently even when treated at the outset of their disease.

When Giardina was asked how long it would take to learn to play the violin, he replied: "Twelve hours a day for twenty years."

Providence Independent.

S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

THURSDAY, JULY, 6, 1876.

Subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly will please notify us of the same.

THE TWO CONVENTIONS.

The two Conventions, Republican and Democratic, have assembled, the one at Cincinnati and the other at St. Louis, and have each nominated their candidates for the Presidency. The Republicans have hoisted the names of Hayes and Wheeler for President and Vice-President, and the Democrats have unfurled their banner with the names of Tilden and Hendricks, printed upon it.

Now, as the nominating part of the programme is over, and as both parties are about shouldering muskets for the fight, the question arises, who will win the battle, and wear the crown of victory.

We do not profess to be political prophets and will therefore not prophesy. The party that best joins together its forces and gathers to gether the many that are halting between two opinions, will stand the better chance for success. But the party in which permeates a strife and confusion cannot expect to win the laurels.

It is absolutely necessary, that we, as citizens of this Commonwealth, should do all in our power to discourage frauds, which are numerous in high places, to bring about reform, to give the starving thousands labor, and do such things as will best promote the true interests of an independent and free people. If we do not desire to do this, what will be our object or aim? We must either be for or against this needed reform. Shall we disgrace the first year in the new century of our national existence, or not.

It is indeed a serious question, and one that should receive proper meditation from the mind of every loyal, patriotic and God-loving citizen. We as a people boast of our freedom, but if the present state of things is to continue long, then we will have to go back to 1776 to find out what constitutes true freedom.

In reference to the nominees for the Presidency, we would say, it will be supremely best for us to elect the best man, no matter to what party he belongs. So long as the people will strictly hold to one party of the other, just so long we will remain in the mire. We want more free thought, free speech and free action. Not until the people of this commonwealth have arrived at these conclusions will we reach the high blessings of true freedom.

BUSINESS generally does not improve, although in a few branches of it there has prevailed considerable activity. The only thing to be done is to await the coming. Just when it will be along this way we cannot even conjecture, but some of these bright mornings we shall all wake up to the fact that stagnation has done its worst, and that for the future activity and general prosperity will take its place.

DOM PEDRO is a man after the average American heart. He is up with the dawn and off to business, never allows others to do for him what he can do himself, despises fine dress and toadies, and is not ashamed to take an interest in any and everything, familiarity with which is likely to promote the welfare of his people. He is the bulkiest piece of human majesty that ever trod American sod, and when he leaves for his native land, he will carry with him the profound esteem and respect of every American whose good opinion is worth having.

THE CENTURY.

Through storm and calm the years have led
Our nation on from stage to stage;
A century's space, until we tread
The threshold of another age.

We see where o'er our pathway swept
A torrent stream of blood and fire;
And thank the guardian power who kept
Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh checkered train of years, farewell
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears;
But with us let our memories dwell,
To warn and teach the coming years.

And thou, the new-beginning age,
Warned by the past, and not in vain;
Write on a fairer, whiter page
The record of thy happier reign.

William Cullen Bryant.

Singular Fatal Accident.

MARSHALL, Mich., June 29.—Mr. Crouch, an aged man at Ceresco, was leading his cow to pasture by a rope when a dog suddenly jumped out, at which the cow sprang violently, hurling Mr. C. to the ground with great force. When reached it was found that he was dead, his neck being broken.

Robbing The Sick.

NEW YORK, June 29.—Thomas Quinn, a porter employed in the Roosevelt Hospital, corner of Fifty-ninth street and Tenth avenue, was arrested yesterday on a charge of robbing the patients of their money and jewelry. A pair of sleeve buttons and other property were found in the prisoner's bed, but he explained that it was placed there by some one else. He was held for trial.

Yale Wins in the Eight-Oared Race.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 30.—The eight-oared four-mile race between Yale and Harvard crews, on the Connecticut, opposite this city, this afternoon, resulted in an easy victory for the Yale men, who took the lead at the start and kept it to the close, coming in about six boat lengths ahead, in twenty-two minutes and two seconds the Harvard time being one-half minute longer. The afternoon was fine and the water smooth. The Yale started off with a stroke of thirty-four to the minute, while Harvard pulled thirty-five, and at the end of the first mile Yale was seven lengths ahead.

Arrest of a Murderer and Horse Thief.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., June 29.—Allen, the horse thief, who murdered J. H. Mitchell, the Marshal of this city, Tuesday, and mortally wounded Turner, the livery stable keeper, escaped back into Ohio by stealing the horse belonging to the ferryman at Middleport.

The horse and rider were both recognized by the Ohioans and were captured and brought back Barbourville by steamer. A large crowd of people assembled with the purpose of lynching the murderer, but wiser counsels prevailed, and he was brought to this city by a train of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad at 6 o'clock, when he was incarcerated in Putnam County Jail. It is yet thought a band will organize and take the law into their own hands.

An Old Man on His Travels.

Yesterday an old man named Marsden, who said that he was one hundred and two years of age, applied to the Mayor of Camden for means to go to Matawan, where he belonged. He said that he came from that place to see the "Great Show," having been told that all the oldest men in the country were to be there, and that they would receive liberal pay. He says that he is the oldest man in New Jersey, and that his father lived to the age of 123 and his grandfather to 135. The Mayor sent him to the station-house and provided for him until this morning, when he will be sent home. He had been through the Main Building and Machinery Hall, his admissions being paid by charitable persons.—*Phila Times.*

A STRANGE SUICIDE.

A Physician Who Was Determined to Die.

About noon on Saturday, at 471 North Seventh street, George H. Napheys, M. D., was found in his room dying. In one hand he grasped the picture of his dead wife, and in the other portions of hair cut from her head. Soon after the discovery he died. The Coroner was summoned, the body was viewed and an inquest was held by Deputy Coroner Mahan yesterday. It was testified to that on previous occasions the deceased had attempted his life, but was discovered in time to frustrate the design. Three weeks ago he made an attempt by injecting morphine, but was unsuccessful. On recovering consciousness he told a friend of his determination to take his life, but abhorred shooting or drowning, as by a notice in the papers his friends would be alarmed. He rather chose to rely upon his knowledge of medicine. On Saturday morning he injected the morphine and inhaled chloroform. The verdict was suicide.—*Phila Times.*

Enforcing the Sunday Law in New York.

NEW YORK, July 2.—The efforts of the police to enforce the Sunday liquor law caused a riot at Jones' Wood today, where a German society had assembled to spend the day. The barkeepers who were selling liquor were arrested, when the Germans set on the officers of the law, gave them a beating and rescued the parties who had been arrested. The police received reinforcements and recaptured their prisoners, besides arresting the persons who were most active in effecting the rescue of the barkeepers.

Destructive Storm at Bellefonte.

BELLEFONTE, July 2.—About 6 o'clock last night this place was visited by a terrific thunder storm. The rain fell in torrents, flooding cellars and carrying off buildings in the low districts. During the storm the town was the scene of great excitement, the water sweeping down the hillside and destroying everything in its course. Harper Brothers, merchants, lost two thousand dollars' worth of goods. B. Tyson was carried away in his slaughter house and is supposed to have been drowned. The Phoenix flour mills, Linn & McCoy's iron works and Curtin's iron works also suffered great damage. The railroads also suffered badly, and a dam has been washed away. No estimate of the damage can be given at present.

A TRIO OF TRAGEDIES.

Two Fatal Quarrels—Fatal Result of Carelessness—Killing His Friend.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—This morning two young men, Wm. O'Brien and Wm. Grant (of a company of companions under the influence of liquor), became engaged in a quarrel, when William Nicholson, of the party, handed a pistol to O'Brien, who fired it upon Grant, the ball taking effect in the abdomen and producing death several hours after ward. At 11 o'clock to day another murder was committed the parties being colored. Nimrod Norris and Richard Lewis engaged in a quarrel for some trifling cause, when a friend of Norris' handed him a knife, with which he severed Lewis' jugular vein, producing death in a few minutes. A young man named Samuel Day was this morning unintentionally killed by his friend Wm. Carvey, several miles from this city. They were practicing at a mark, and just as Carvey was taking his first shot with a pistol Day thoughtlessly walked in front of the pistol, the ball from which crushed through his skull, and he fell lifeless on the ground.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Scotch Rifle Team will sail for America August 19.

Gunsler, Smith and Kerr, under arrest for defrauding the State of Pennsylvania, have waived a hearing.

Senator Morrill is awaiting the action of the Congressional conference committees before giving a decision as to whether he will accept the Secretaryship of the Treasury.

A destructive fire occurred at Cape May Court House on Monday, destroying Wheaton's Hotel, four stores and one dwelling. The loss is estimated at fifteen thousand dollars—partially insured.

Four men were drowned by the upsetting of a small boat near the Eureka Club house, Newark, on Sunday. Two more men and a boy were also drowned in the Passaic river, near Newark, while bathing.

In the case of Campbell, on trial at Mauch Chunk last week for homicide, the jury on Saturday returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

The monthly statement of the national debt for June shows a further reduction of three million eight hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and ninety-seven dollars.

O. A. House, the notorious divorce lawyer, of New York, was killed on Friday, at Lawrence Station, New Jersey by a woman with whom he cohabited and who had been divorced from two husbands.

For the first time in the history of the government the doors of the United States Treasury were closed on Saturday, and all payments suspended, as there was neither a Secretary of the Treasury nor a United States Treasurer.

The total coinage at the mints of the United States during the month of June was \$3,870,000, of which \$1,850,000 was in gold.

A disastrous fire occurred in St. Johnsbury, Vt., Saturday afternoon, originating in a paper mill. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

James H. Horner, United States Consul Agent at Sagua, died on Saturday, of congestion of the brain. The deceased was an estimable man.

Four children, the oldest 11 and the youngest 3 years of age, were found in a starving condition in an enement house in New York city on Saturday.

A destructive fire broke out suddenly on Saturday night, in Dunmore, a short distance from Scranton, and demolished an entire block of buildings. The loss is estimated at \$40,000.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FASHIONABLE BOOT MAKER.

For a cheap boot, go to

L. H. INGRAM.

For a fashionable Boot, Shoe or Gaiter, go to

L. H. INGRAM.

If you are hard to fit, go to

L. H. INGRAM.

If you have Corns, Lumps, Bumps or Bunions, and want a boot to fit them all, go to

L. H. INGRAM.

For a nice Bevel Edge, Dancing Pump, go to

L. H. INGRAM.

If you want to wear as nice and neat, and as good a boot as any other man, you can get it of

L. H. INGRAM.

You can get a Stitched, Fudged, or Pegged Boot, Shoe or Gaiter, Cork Bottoms, Quilted Bottoms, Double and Single Scotch Bottom. A Stitched boot is far superior to any other make, they wear longer keep their shape better and are more comfortable and look better. I use nothing but the best White Oak Tan leather, which is far superior to the red leather and costs from ten to twelve cents per pound more. Repairing a specialty. Patches put on fine boots that are invisible to the eye when on the foot.

L. H. INGRAM.

COLLEGEVILLE.

may 18-19

SPCIAL NOTICE.

The undersigned has moved from No. 508 Swede Street, to

NO. 32 MAIN STREET,

NORRISTOWN, PA.

Second door East of Cherry, adjoining Confectionery of F. G. Stritzinger, where he will be pleased to meet all of his old customers and many new ones. Especial attention is called to his large and varied

Stock of new Goods,

CONSISTING OF

Ladies' & Gent's

FINE

BOOTS SHOES AND GAITERS,

Of the latest styles and best material.

Misses', Boys' & Children Shoes & Gaiters

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Ladies' and Gent's Measured Work a Specialty.

The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock, as it has been carefully selected, is of the best material and includes all the modern styles and it is my intention to sell as cheap as any one else can sell the same quality of goods.

Call and see me,

Hiram M. Fulmer.

N. B.—Repairing will be neatly and carefully done, and is solicited.

april 27-3m.

RICHARDSON & EASTBURN,

BRIDGEPORT, MONTG. CO., PA.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

CELEBRATED

DAVIS EXCELSIOR

Super Phosphate of Lime,

PURE GROUND BONE,

BONE and FLOUR.

As a top-dressing for Wheat, Rye, Oats or Grass, the "DAVIS EXCELSIOR" has no superior in the market.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

March 23, '76.

The New Improved

American Self-Threading Sewing

Machine

The Button Hole, Overseaming, Sewing Machine, for sale by the Agent at No. 640 Chain Street, Norristown.

The Agent is prepared to supply Norristown, and surrounding country with the above, best Sewing Machine the world has ever produced; SIMPLE,

LIGHT,

DURABLE,

EASY AND

COMPARATIVELY

NOISELESS.

PARTS,

NEEDLES,

OILS,

HEMMERS,

AND ALL ATTACHMENTS

WITH MACHINE, And for sale at low figures at 640 Chain Street, Norristown.

ANDREW N. AUCHY,

AGENT, NORRISTOWN, PA.

april 13-3m.

D. Y. MOWDAY.

240 S. Main St., Norristown, Pa.

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

And Dealer in all kinds of

FURNITURE!

He has a very large stock of every variety of Furniture which he will sell on very reasonable terms.

Special attention given to the Undertaking Business. Give him a trial.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for sample of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

March 9-19

BEATTY PIANO!

Best in Use.

Grand Square and Upright.

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

June 20-19.

ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING!

DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

H. W. KRATZ,

Justice of the Peace,

Surveyor, Conveyancer, Real Estate,

and Insurance Agent.

Represents good Fire, Storm and Life Insurance Companies.

OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday

Centennial, 1876.

OFFICE HOURS—Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday

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